

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1875.

NUMBER I.

Turning Over the New Leaf.

The year begins. I turn a leaf
All over writ with good resolves;
Each to fulfill will be in chief
My aim while earth its round revolves,
How many a leaf I've turned before,
And tried to make the record true;
Each year a wreck on time's dull shore
Proved much I dared, but little knew.

Ah, bright resolve! How high you bear
The future's hopeful standard on;
How brave you start; how poor you wear!
How soon are faith and courage gone.
You point to deeds of sacrifice,
You shun the path of careless ease;
Lentils and wooden shoes? Is this
The fare a human soul to please?

What wonder, then, if men do fall,
Where good is ever all austere;
While vice is fair and pleasant all,
And turns the leaf to lead the year?
Yet still once more I turn the leaf,
And mean to walk the better way;
I struggle with old unbelief,
And strive to reach the perfect day.

Why should the road that leads to heaven
Be all one reach of sterile sand?
Why not, just here and there, be given
A rose to deck the dreary land?
But why rosin? Others have trod,
With softer feet and heavier sin,
Their painful pathway toward God:—
My pilgrimage anew begins.

Failure and failure, hitherto,
Has time inscribed upon my leaves;
I've wandered many a harvest through,
And never yet have gathered sheaves.
Yet once again the leaf I turn,
Hope against hope for one success;
One merit-mark, at least, to earn,
One sunbeam in the wilderness.

ONE LITTLE PURITAN.

My great-great-grandmother, whom, never having seen, I cannot describe, once found this record of a life that was lived out long before she was born. She found it among the relics of old colony days. The sunbeams of a morning long flickered through the garret cobwebs on to her and over the then dusty, worm-eaten treasures. Out of the leaves of a journal of Puritan times, she read page after page which seemed to fill the air about her as with the faint, sweet fragrance of pressed wild roses. My grandmother is to me, in turn, a memoir of antiquity, yet the little journal has not quite crumbled into dust—there is left to it yet a suggestion of odor and of color. Only if you put it by a story of to-day, it will be like the ghost of a white violet in the hot presence of a heavy-breathed, blood-red tulip.

HOPE ALLERTON'S JOURNAL.

Southampton, August 5th, 1620. All things being made ready, we shall, by the good providence of God, set sail to-day. It is a matter of much sadness unto Aunt Priscilla, as also unto myself, that sundry of our near friends are in the lesser ship. We have, however, great hope that both ships shall sail unto a pleasant country; and that we shall salute our friends upon dry land once more. My thoughts go back to those we left at Delft Haven and at Amsterdam, and my heart is heavy that I shall no more look upon their faces. Philip Mather hath talked much with me of late. I find it not wise to think too long upon his words, for that they cause me distraction of mind, albeit there is a certain sweetness in the recollection of them. He said that he shall sorrow for my departure, yet he asked me not to stay, neither doth he make as if he would himself go. I have need to pray more, for I find within me movements of vain pride. It pleaseth me overmuch that Master Philip hath likened my tearful eyes to the blue heart's ease with dorethereon.

August 10th. It was cause for great surprise to me to find that of a truth Philip Mather was to sail with us; yet when I found him of our company I made little mention of my thoughts: only I have said unto Prudence Tinker certain sharp words that trouble me to remember, the more not only because they were unkind, but that there was therein the shadow of an untruth.

She said: "Tell me, I pray thee, why at the last, Master Mather hath come with us?"

"I know not," I answered, for I liked not her black eyes to so look through me "Am I my brother's keeper?" I have sinned in the letter by perverting the words of Holy Scripture; also in the spirit by allowing angry entrance into my soul. It was meet that Prudence Tinker should humble me by the answer: "Nay, nay, Hope! I trow it is not at all as thy brother thou desirest to keep him."

Prudence Tinker hath an handsome countenance, and many times her words are smoother than butter; yet I feel not drawn out unto her in my affections.

August 20th. Aunt Priscilla watcheth over me and I have no need of father or mother care. To be truthful, I could wish that she guarded me not so strictly. From daybreak even unto the going down of the sun, she letteth me not out of her sight. I am now again joyful in my spirit. I mourn not, neither do I greatly miss the friends left behind me. I had thought to be weighed down with heaviness upon their account. I made mention of this to Philip last night as for a moment I met him on the deck. He was pleased, wherefore I know not; moreover, he said: "Peradventure thou broughtest thy best friends with thee." I thought of Aunt Priscilla, partly because she is my best friend, and also for that I did expect she must in a moment appear, as most assuredly she did; and looked not lovingly upon me either. She reproached me for light-headedness in so talking to Master Mather—yet I have her word that she disliketh him not.

Cape Cod, November 11th, 1620. After long beating at sea, we have fell in with the land called "Cape Cod." Philip Mather saith it is so called as they take much fish. We are not a little joyful at having come safe to land, as our ships did meet with many bad winds, and in

places did leak, which put us to great fear. Oftimes we did cry out like Peter: "Lord, save, or we perish." Also many of us were in bad state by reason of boisterous storms which caused our inward parts to heave and toss like the very waves of the sea, always filling our mouths with bitterness.

December 6th, 1620. It is decided that divers of our number go to seek out a fair place for situation. Prudence Tinker made relation to Aunt Priscilla that Robert Coppin, the pilot had knowledge of a good harbor eight leagues distant.

1621, April 20th. Philip Mather hath gone with Squanto and sundry of our people to plant the corn. This morning I had conversation with Peleg Bruster. His heart seems greatly turned to Molly Tabor, for which Prudence Tinker hath taken much grief, as she had thoughts of him herself—at least Aunt Priscilla doth say as much. I once had a thought that Prudence looked upon Philip Mather with favor, and this displeased me, for that I think they would not walk together in unity. Prudence hath a bold spirit, and Philip is not like unto other men, in that he is finer in his inward nature, if it be that I discern him aright. I have sorrow for Prudence now, and shall strive to be a softer comforter unto her than Aunt Priscilla, who, as ever, thinketh she hath good understanding of the whole matter. When we were gathering facts this morning, she gave Prudence counsel to this effect: that she should set her affections upon things above. I much fear Prudence was not soothed in the spirit, for she muttered unto herself that certain people, of whom she had knowledge, would do well to keep other Scripture in mind: that which saith, "Study to be quiet and to do your own business."

May 17th. Philip hath given unto me a ring which he saith is long in his family. It has three blue stones, with a small diamond in the centre. It is like unto the forget-me-not. The inside of ring hath a small locket wherein to put hair. It came about in this wise: My spinning for the day being at an end, I was minded to go a little way into the woods; for although Aunt Priscilla doth warn me of danger, I cannot think harm will befall me. I like much the thunder of the sea, and the roar of the wind in the tree-tops, which roaring also resembleth the noise of waters. But this night at sunset there was no tumult and I remembered me of wondrous chapters in the Revelation; for I saw upon earth and ocean a light like as of glory. I sat me down to rest, being weary with much climbing over rocks and down fallen trees, for to pluck these fair little blossoms which spring never brought to us at home. A moment after, I was sore smitten with fear, for behind me one lightly rustled in the thick leaves and broke twigs under his feet; when no wild creature or savage came forth—but Master Philip! Peradventure Aunt Priscilla would say I made unaimedly show of pleasure at his company. He sat down beside me and we had no need for speech whilst the first brightness faded off from the waves. In truth, it was very like heaven unto me. After a time he laid his hand upon mine and said: "I love thee, Hope Allerton, and desire thee for my wife." What more he said there is no use that I write; I shall not forget it.

The manuscript is here so mutilated that much of it is illegible. We gather from it, however, that sympathizing with Prudence Tinker in her despondency, Hope entreaths Philip Mather "to have pleasant conversation with her, and speak unto her wise words of comfort." The next date of interest is

June 3rd. Prudence Tinker hath a strange spirit! Aunt Priscilla made relation of her behavior in this manner: "Yesternight, as Philip walked with you down the path to the wood, I took the Scriptures and sat me down upon the door-stone to read. A little time thereafter I lifted up my eyes and beheld Prudence Tinker, with a bunch of blue posies in her hand; she stood under the big elm and gazed after you. I called unto the young woman, and made inquiry had she planted herself there and did she think to take root? Her countenance was not pleasant to look upon: so for her greater ease, I made mention that it was doubtless good for her to 'bear the yoke in her youth.' Whereupon she cast the posies under her heel and spake out hotly, 'Mistress Priscilla, if thou hadst borne the yoke in thy youth and died under it, I could not mourn that thou didst not live out all thy days.' Of a certainty Prudence Tinker hath too much glib a tongue in her head. Now, as for me, I have pity of poor Prudence's case, and I marvel at Aunt Priscilla's ways. If one hath a spot which hath soreness, verily she suffereth pain until she pricketh it.

June 13th. Sometimes I think it is not the loss of Peleg's affections that hath so embittered Prudence, but that she vexeth herself after Philip; in which case, I tremble lest she cast, even now, a snare for him, and so ruin my happiness.

June 15th. Last night the wind did make such commotion we were in great fear the house would come about our ears. Aunt Priscilla had ill success with sleep, and I was in sore trouble with

bad dreams. It did seem that the precious stones had dropped out of my ring, and I arose in the night and lighted a candle, like unto the woman in the Scriptures, and searched the house, but found them not. Aunt Priscilla says it is an ill dream and bodes no good.

June 25th. Prudence Tinker stirreth my spirit within me. She keepeth a watchful eye that I get small speech with Philip. She calleth him her friend and counselor; she runneth to him all times for advice and she flattereth him unduly. I myself do know that there is not a man like unto him in the colony; yet it is for me to confess that and not for her to so declare—and that to his very countenance. It was not worldly wise in me to advise that he comfort her, but I have supposed kindness was better than cunning.

June 30th. I like not at all the going on of this matter! It seemeth to me Aunt Priscilla is most blind; she was never wont to be slow in spying out that which was stirring—yet it may be my imagination runneth away with me. Furthermore, Aunt Priscilla, albeit she is so stern, yet thinketh I am passing fair and attractive; and therefore because she herself doth not like Prudence Tinker's person or mind, she seeth not how another may—as it seemeth to me Philip Mather doth.

July 6th. Certain words of Prudence Tinker have come to my ears this day. I have given the ring to Aunt Priscilla, and she hath returned it to Philip Mather; what she hath said to him I know not. It was of necessity that I told her, for she saw at last the sore vexation of my soul.

August 1st. There is no trust save in God! I would fain go unto my Father in heaven. I am like unto a homeless child in a strange land. The women are most kind to me. I know not why, for my trouble is unknown save unto Aunt Priscilla. They say I stay too closely by the spinning-wheel—that color hath all gone out of my face. It may well be so; for it seemeth also to have gone from everything without me.

August 2d. The women bring report that Hobabak and Squanto have been treacherously dealt with by the Indians, and that Captain Standish and divers others have gone to Namassaket, and—Philip Mather has also gone with them. I spake my mind to Aunt Priscilla, but I had confidence in her. I could not but pray to those heathen. She made answer "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord—let the Lord's will be done." She is very wroth with Philip, and desires not to behold his countenance again. As for me, I cannot hate one whom I have loved.

(No date.) Philip has come again unto his home, and is exceedingly ill by reason of toils, weariness and exposure endured. They say his fever rageth fiercely. O may God turn death aside from him and let him have long life in the land. I would far rather that he should be happy than that I myself should, and if it should be so that Prudence Tinker can be unto him a true and faithful wife—I ought rather to be pleased than to writhe under the thought thereof. I have not forgot before.

This morning, as I sat idle before the spinning-wheel, Philip sent a messenger, saying: "Come, for I have a great longing to speak with thee?" I ran in great speed the whole way, and came into the room where he lay. His countenance was of a color white like marble, and the fever had left him as a child for weakness. He made with his hand a motion that many who watched beside him should stand back, and when I came so close to him, he whispered, "There hath been a grievous mistake, Hope Allerton! I love and have loved none other than thee. Wilt thou wear again my ring?"

I was not able at once to answer, because of a sudden swelling within my throat; yet on account of that which he saw in my face, he put underneath his pillow his hand, and, drawing forth the ring, put it again upon my finger. Then those who stood by whispered among themselves that if he were near death it was not right that he should longer let his mind be exercised over this thing; yet I cannot think God would be wroth even were Philip in his last hours; for surely the bringing of light and peace unto a soul cannot be an evil work. Moreover, I would fain have kissed him, for I forgot the company about, but Aunt Priscilla led me away, saying it was not fitting for a maiden to stay longer. I looked back, being upon the door-stone, and I saw his face "as if it had been an angel's." I feel it borne to me that he will die; but he is mine now—it may be I can give him unto my God, if never to any one else—mine! mine!

Through much pain Philip has passed from this life to a better.

October 2nd. Prudence Tinker found me this morning weeping, and asked of me wherefore. I answered, "Do I not know that underneath this spot Philip Mather lies?" She answered with little softness, that "It is as likely to be some one else as he, seeing the ground is leveled so that not one grave is known from another." She knew not that I had assurance of the very spot, for on that day they buried him I measured

by steps each way from the elm-tree and the great rock.

November 5th. I have a grievous pain in my side, and weary cough. I can not spin as I have done beforetimes; it resteth me much to think of Philip sleeping.

10th. We are compassed about with sorrows. We are sore pressed by trouble in this dreary new land. My heart longeth for the better country.

December 2nd. The day is far spent; the night is at hand. I shall soon go out through the gate of darkness; but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that soon it shall be with me.

After this is a blank leaf. Doubtless the Death Angel wrote *Finis* thereon; and so for more than two centuries, the pale anemones may have blossomed over the maiden from beyond the sea, who laid her head to rest in the Pilgrim's land.—*Aldine for January.*

A lady authoress writes kindly of "Child's night-lights." She says:—"If a child wants a light to go to sleep by, give it one. The sort of Spartan firmness which walks off and takes away the candle, and shuts all the doors between the household cheer and warmth and the pleasant stir of evening mirth, and leaves a little son or daughter to hide its head under the bed clothes, and get to sleep as best it can, is not all admirable. It is after the pattern of Giant Despair, whose grim delight, confided in Diffidence, his wife, over the miseries of his wretched prisoners, always seemed most inimitable—a perfect picture of meanness and despotism."

Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hopes that her path may be flowery, and that she may never be thrashed by her husband.

Waste not—either time, money or talent.

Omens.

Those who do not believe in omens will enjoy a laugh over the following story; and those who do had better pass it by, if they fear to have their faith disturbed.

An old gentleman whose style was "Mr. Bessie" was one day sitting in his armchair, and was

praying to those heathen. She made answer "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord—let the Lord's will be done." She is very wroth with Philip, and desires not to behold his countenance again. As for me, I cannot hate one whom I have loved.

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Trifles.

Why do we speak of "a little thing," And "trifles light as air?" Can ought be a trifle which helps to bring One moment's joy or care? The smallest seed in the fertile ground Is the germ of a noble tree; The slightest touch on a festering wound, Is it not agony?

What is a trifle?—a thoughtless word, Forgotten as soon as said; Perhaps its echo shall yet be heard, When the speaker is with the dead. That thoughtless word is a random dart, And strikes we know not where: It may rankle long in some tender heart— Is it a trifle there?

Drops of water are little things, But they form the boundless sea; 'Tis in little notes the wild bird sings, Yet his song is melody. Little voices now scarcely heard, In heaven shall bear their part; And a little grave in the green churchyard Holds many a parent's heart.

Cease, then, to speak of "a little thing," Which may give thy brother pain; Shun little sins, lest they haply bring The greater in their train. Seize each occasion, however small, Of good which may be given; So, when thou hearest thy Master's call, Thou shalt be "great in heaven."

—Home Work.

Bessie Barton's Test.

"I wish I knew just what to do about it," were the words that again and again fell from Dr. Barton's lips; for the matter to be decided was a weighty one.

Each time they were uttered, the soft eyes of a young girl, who sat sewing near by, were lifted wistfully towards the gentleman, till at last he noticed their expression, and asked: "What is it Pussy? What do you think about it?"

"I should go by papa's rule," she replied, the crimson creeping into her fair cheek.

"And what may papa's rule be, little Bessie?" asked her uncle.

"Never to do anything, or to say anything, or to go anywhere, where we cannot ask God's blessing to rest upon us. He says it saves a world of trouble, and is always a sure test."

Dr. Barton was a worldly man, who sometimes scoffed at the simple confidence of his niece, but on each occasion, he would not deny that she was right, and he would not deny that she was right.

Entered in weakness as it was, Bessie's lesson of trust proved the "word fitly spoken," and not many months passed before he, too, claimed this test as his rule in life's duties and trials.

When our journey through life seems a tangled path-way, have we an sure rule to guide our weak steps? Not all the wisdom of philosophy can yield so perfect a test. Do nothing but what you can ask God's blessings to rest upon. What a safeguard against the wiles of the tempter, be the lure ever so seductive! What a beacon in the darkest hour of night! To feel that God will bless our efforts, is a stronger staff to uphold our trembling steps than the most powerful of earthly helpers.

"Nothing but what God will bless." Write it on your heart; have it graven as a breastplate; yes, I will help thee; I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. So he has promised, and never fails to fulfill.

Stupidity in High Places.

Stupidity sits in official stations, and bigotry sows dragons' teeth where flowers of Christian fellowship should spring and bloom. In half our churches no new measure, however good, can be proposed, and not meet with persistent opposition. The instant that some plan, inspired of God in zealous hearts, is born, a dozen bony hands clutch at its throat, and strangle it. Progress, instead of being peaceful, is made through such tumult and conflict, that it is almost robbed of profit; and when the needed change at last is made, and one counts up the loss and gain, they so nearly balance that you hesitate to which side you give your verdict. The motto in these churches is, "What has not been shall not be." I could name church after church where a dozen men sit like leeches on the swelling veins of holy enterprise. They form a minority powerful in their ignorance and narrowness and stupidity. Their very pigheadedness constitutes their ability to resist what is good. They make it a matter of conscience, and you must batter them over before you can budge them an inch. By them, religion is so advertised that it becomes a target for wit to practice at, and a stumbling block to the humane. Christ is made to appear hostile to whatever is most honorable in conduct, and noble in aspiration. And Christianity, the sweet, the beautiful Christianity of the New Testament, as they interpret it, stands like a huge barricade stretched across the path of an on-moving humanity; a thing to be stormed over and trampled on. And so it comes about, that men who need salvation more than life, are estranged from our churches by the bigotry and illiberality in them, die unaved.

—W. H. Murray, in *American Homes*.

Castles in the Air.

A poor vicar in a remote part of England had, on some popular occasion, preached a sermon so acceptable to his parishioners that they entreated him to print it, and he undertook a journey to London for that purpose. On his arrival in town he was recommended to Mr. Rivington, to whom he enthusiastically related the object of his journey. The printer agreed to his proposals, and required to know how many copies of the sermon he would have "struck off." The reply was, "Why, sir, I have calculated that there are in the kingdom ten thousand parishes, and a majority of them will at least take one, and others more, so that I think we may venture to print about 35,000 or 36,000 copies." The publisher remonstrated, the author insisted, and the matter was decided, and the latter returned home in high spirits. With much difficulty and great self-denial a period of about two months was suffered to elapse, when his golden venture so tormented his imagination that he could endure it no longer; so he wrote to Mr. Rivington, desiring him to send him the debtor and creditor account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr. Rivington's convenience. Judge of the astonishment and anguish excited by the receipt of the following account: "The Rev. — Dr. to C. Rivington. To printing and paper, 35,000 copies of sermon, £785, 5s. 6d.; Or, by sale of 17 copies of the said sermon, £1, 5s. 6d.; balance due to C. Rivington, £784." The publisher, however, in a day or two sent a letter to the following purport: "Rev. Sir—I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give yourself any uneasiness. I know better than you could do the extent of the sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but 100 copies, to the expense of which you are heartily welcome.—*Leisure Hour.*"

The Rector Outwitted.

Choirs are not only very costly, but are skittish things to handle. There is usually a row in the choir end about four times a year, and each lasts about as long as the seasons. Loretz is the great organist and composer of this region. He is a wiry, nervous and sensitive creature, and is as full of music as some people are of electricity. You can't touch him without sparks flying off in all directions. He has had the lead of the music for some time at St. Ann's. His music has been very celebrated, and on festive occasions it would have required a good sized park to hold all the people who wanted to get in. The rector has been rather jealous, from time to time, of the drawing qualities of the organ end of the church. To carry out his purposes, Mr. Loretz wanted to introduce into the choir the "harp, flute, sackbut, violin," and other instruments used on the Plain of Dura. The rector, who is rather pompous and opinionated, entered a decided protest against the introduction of these vain and worldly instruments of music. After the services were opened, came the grand musical performance. First came a beautiful flute solo. The indignant rector then heard the distinct twang of the prohibited harp. The shrieking violin rode on the top wave and could not be drowned even by the deep notes of the pedal harp. Word was instantly sent to the defiant organists, "Turn out the prohibited instruments at once." The answer was sent back: "There is nothing here to turn out but the organ. There is no harp, flute or violin in the building." And the music held on its way. The rector was not only indignant that his wishes were not complied with, but felt that the organist was lying about the matter. Couldn't he hear with his own ears? The vestry was sent up to investigate the matter, and it was found that the organist was improvising on the organ itself, and doing it so naturally that any man would have been willing to have taken his oath that the prohibited instruments, were doing their work. The feelings of the rector, when he learned the situation, could not be expressed.—*New York Correspondent Boston Advertiser.*

PREPARATORY STUDIES.—President Potter, of Yale College, recently read a paper before the Connecticut State Teachers' Association, in which he took the ground that the present preparatory course of study for college is too dry, abstract and lifeless, and that instead of so much Greek and Latin, living truths and useful facts should engage the attention of the young mind, which is now often ruined in preparation. The development of the memory with useless abstractions, as a matter of discipline, is the end to be aimed at.

There is often neither comfort nor elegance in the richer mansions, while both are found in the laborer's cottage. A jug filled with flowers, a neat white curtain, a couple of flower-pots, may affect what the expenditure of as many dollars has not achieved. Let it not be said that these are mere trifles, unworthy of attention.

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There is often neither comfort nor elegance in the richer mansions, while both are found in the laborer's cottage. A jug filled with flowers, a neat white curtain, a couple of flower-pots, may affect what the expenditure of as many dollars has not achieved. Let it not be said that these are mere trifles, unworthy of attention.

Her Majesty the Queen recently made her annual visit to Prince Dhuleep Singh. He lives a little way from London, in one of the most gorgeous palaces in England. He is a sovereign of India. He transferred his titles and authority to the British Crown for a royal revenue. His palace combines the splendor of Oriental life with the comforts of an English home. His court dress and jewels outshine those of the proudest noblemen of the realm. After he had transferred his authority to England and entered upon his fortune, he became interested in the missionaries of India, among whom he was educated. He visited England, it was thought, for the purpose of allying himself with some of the eminent families of the kingdom. As he stood on an equality with the Queen, it was thought that it would not be difficult to marry among the proudest nobility. He went back to his own country without an engagement. In one of the mission schools was a young girl who lived with her widowed mother. She walked several miles every morning to school; wore the simple dress of the country, shoes and unbonneted. She brought her frugal dinner, and ate it from a plain tin. This maiden was distinguished for her simple piety and her devotion to the cause of religion. The Prince offered himself to this girl. She refused him, mainly on the ground that she would not leave her sphere of labor, or desert the cause of her family and her nation. The Prince offered her his whole fortune, with unlimited authority to spend the whole income annually, if she wanted to, in the cause of religion. She took a year to consider the matter. She was married, came to England, was received by the Queen in person, lives in royal style, and is simple-hearted and devoted as when a barefooted peasant in India. All missionaries going to India start from her house with their expenses paid. The anniversary of the wedding is commemorated by a large donation to the cause of missions. The Princess drives her rounds daily among the poor, the suffering and the lowly, carrying temporal and spiritual comfort. Once a year royalty honors the palace with a visit. Here is a simple heathen girl taken from the humblest position, living in regal splendor in England, and setting an example of Christian meekness, humility and devotion that high-born dames and noble lords born in a Christian land might safely imitate.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

A Worcester maiden who had a practical mind and a lover without a whole shirt, made for him a garment of that kind, and one Saturday night sent it clean and glossy to his boarding house. She supposed that on Sunday he would wear it while escorting her to church. Yet he came not, and when she went out to hunt for him she saw that he was going home with another girl, enveloped in the gift shirt. There is a limit pushed beyond which the mind of woman becomes irresponsible. This Worcester

Wet Boots.—What an amount of discomfort wet boots entail, and how well many recall the painful efforts made to draw on a pair of hard-baked ones which were put by the fire over-night to dry. The following plan will do away with the discomfort.—When the boots are taken off, fill them with dry oats. This grain has a great fondness for damp, and will rapidly absorb the least vestige of it from the wet leather. As it takes up the moisture it swells and fills the boots with a tightly fitting last, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning shake out the oats, and hang them in the bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next wet night, draw on the boots and go happily about the day's work.—*The Garden.*

The convicts in the Massachusetts State prison at Charlestown may attend school if they desire to, instruction in the common English branches being a recently added feature of the institution. About a hundred prisoners, mostly young men, now receive regular instruction. The teachers are also convicts, one of them having once been professor in a Western college. At a recent examination the exercises included writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, composition, and drawing.

In the early days of the London Times the announcements of births, deaths, and marriages were made without charge, and the senders were thanked for their communications. In course of years a charge was made for the announcements in question, and the column was playfully made over to the then proprietor's wife as her source of pocket money. The product of such a column would now suffice to maintain a middle-class household, dower the daughters, establish the sons, and secure a handsome assurance for a widow.

Distrust the pretence of that spirituality whose eyes are too lofty for the common things of life. In the long catalogues of things to "think on," they rank at any rate among the "whatsoever things are lovely." You say they are trifles; then all the more they ought not to be neglected. But, trifles though they be, to neglect them is not a trifle; it is a breach of plain duty.

"You're a fraud," is a favorite expression of the young ladies. Well, nine times out of ten they're correct, and if they look in the glass they'll see another.

A queer old chap has nicknamed his daughter Misery, because she loves company.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
PORT LEWIS SELLINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1875.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal for 1875.

Our subscribers, and there are several, who have stuck to us through thick and thin ever since the appearance of the first number of the JOURNAL, in itself but a couple columns of not very extensive deaf-mute news, must have observed with solid satisfaction, the improvement it manifested as the months went by. That we would within less than three years climb up to the height we now are, they no more supposed then, than do they now, we take it, that within the same period hence, we will be somewhere near the top of the ladder. We do not know whether such an ultimatum is in store for us, but of this all may be assured, that we shall strive with whatever of pluck and energy we may possess, to reach the highest possible round.

With this issue, the first of the New Year 1875, the JOURNAL appears in a form it has not hitherto presented. The deaf-mute news proper disappears from the first page, as a few weeks ago it disappeared from the fourth, and will be found distributed over the inside pages, and sometimes over the first outside page, the editorials in their appropriate places and all the other news likewise. Up to the present time we were obliged, from the force of circumstances, to crowd all our news, editorials, correspondence, notices, etc., on one page, to jumble them together with such system as the occasion might suggest, and to trust to our readers' imagination to see things as they should have existed.

All is changed now, and none feel the opportunity more than we do ourselves, to be able to present to deaf-mutes a paper of their own. We do not believe in a paper for hearing and speaking folks with a deaf-mute department, but we believe in a paper for the deaf and dumb with such extracts from the hearing and speaking press as shall form a pleasant variety of reading, while not at all crowding out, or affecting the quantity of deaf-mute news it weekly contains. The paper we present to-day is of four pages, seven columns to a page, and consequently of twenty-eight columns in all. We do not suppose any body will be foolish enough to ask us why we don't fill all our space with deaf-mute news. The thing is impossible, at least for the present. We do not say it will never be possible; but we do not care just now to speculate upon what may come to pass. Suffice it to say that we shall give the best we can obtain, and enough of it; and if any enthusiastic reader is disposed to grumble because he does not get enough, let him think of the time, not so very long ago, when the only publication we had was a monthly, and that even then, there was not as much news in it as is contained in a single issue of our weekly.

Statisticians tell us that there are twenty thousand deaf-mutes in the United States. For a paper to circulate among one-fourth of these would be a marvel of deaf-mute journalism. Has the *Advance* five thousand circulation? Has the *Silent World*? We guess not; but we do not see any good reason why a good paper for the deaf should not have a respectable subscription list. The mutes of the land ought to have a good paper, and it is only necessary for them to support what is now before them, to secure all they desire.

We offer the JOURNAL one year for one dollar and fifty cents, or for six months for seventy-five cents, in both cases postage free. We would have our subscribers understand that hereafter they have no postage to pay. We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail. All they have to do is to pay for the paper. It is certainly cheap at one dollar and a half a year. Why it is not half so much as an expenditure of one cent every day! If you should daily and regularly drop one cent into a little box safely hidden away, to what would the contents amount at the end of a

year! There would be three hundred and sixty-five cents, enough to pay for the JOURNAL for two years and a half! And yet we suppose some will be telling us they really can't afford it; we know that a few cannot, but many will spend twice and treble our subscription price, in a single day, for things that they have absolutely no need of. We hold that it is one of the social duties of the deaf to sustain their papers—especially those papers that are on the alert to improve every advantage, and which return to their patrons substantial evidence of the patronage bestowed. We should be very sorry to see the JOURNAL die, and to see written on its grave, "Starved to death," and friends, readers, everywhere we look to you to keep it alive.

We believe that good agents are valuable aids; we have secured several splendid ones, but we want more. Any reliable person having a moderate deaf-mute acquaintance, we shall be happy to employ. The commission we allow our agents is, we believe, the largest allowed by any other paper for the deaf. Each agent of ours is permitted to retain twenty-five cents on every subscription he obtains. Persons who wish to act as our agents will please communicate with us directly.

We shall have the use of the whole paper, and so shall be happy to receive advertisements from any source whatever. Our agents have authority to solicit advertisements, and we shall make private terms with them respecting this class of commissions.

There is one feature of the JOURNAL we are sure will be appreciated by the teachers who take it. We refer to our Foreign Department, under the charge of a gentleman eminently qualified for the position. The translations from the foreign periodicals, published for the deaf, will be specially valuable to all laboring in the cause of deaf-mute instruction, who wish to be up with the times. Every teacher ought to take the JOURNAL for this reason if for no other.

In conclusion, we wish to repeat that we shall make the JOURNAL as complete as we can, and shall strive to make it the best paper for the deaf ever published. We have new features in mind, and will introduce them in due time. With our hand continually on the public pulse, we mean to find out what is needed, and to supply the want as completely and as often as we are able.

Hon. Gerrit Smith.

Hon. Gerrit Smith breathed his last in New York City on the 28th of December.

Mr. Smith was a very distinguished man and also very generous. He was one of those few men who believe themselves but the stewards of the Lord, and from his large wealth he was constantly making gifts to those that needed them. Many a poor sufferer sought his door, and never went away empty-handed. The deaf and dumb have cause to remember him with gratitude, for they have partaken of his bounty. His funeral, in accordance with his expressed wishes, was quiet and unimposing. The remains, before they left New York for Paterboro, were viewed by his intimate friends—and before they were carried to the special car in waiting at the Grand Central Depot, our friend, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, offered up a touching prayer over them, and made remarks eulogistic of the deceased. He was buried in the little country cemetery at Paterboro, in the spot he had indicated, and surrounded by the graves of his humble neighbors.

Erratum.

It has been our aim to make the JOURNAL typographically perfect, and in this we are happy to believe we have generally succeeded. Slips will occur, however, just as accidents will happen in the best of regulated families; but instead of defending them as necessary adornments of a "deaf-mute" paper, we hasten to correct them.

In the "Inscription" given in the number of Dec. 31, for they read thy, and for fairy read fairer.

Minor Topics.

It is said leading republicans favor calling Judge Trumbull and Senator Schurz to important places in the government.

In a pamphlet by Dr. Carter Blake, it is said that the lakes in the northeast of Iceland are surrounded by primrose-colored mountains of pure sulphur.

The Postmaster-General has made a contract with A. E. Bradbury to carry the daily mails between Kelton, Utah, and the Dalles, Oregon, a distance of 750 miles, at \$134,700 per annum, being a reduction of some \$50,000 yearly on the price paid during the four years preceding last July.

Fifty years ago, in 1825, the Hon. James Faulkner represented Livingston county in the Assembly of this state. And now, after the lapse of half a century, since Mr. Faulkner filled a seat in the Legislature, he sees his son, James Faulkner, Jr., there, his successor as the representative of Livingston county in the Assembly.

The Tribune, in a long article on New York hotels, furnishes statistics of the fifteen principal ones, which afford an aggregate of accommodations for 6,000 guests. These hotels consume fifteen million oysters, five million eggs, a million and a half quarts of milk and sixty million cubic feet of gas per year, and in the same time wash nineteen million pieces of bed and table linen.

The Training School for Nurses in Boston has obtained permission from the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital to furnish all the nursing of three wards for one year. The ladies who have enlisted in this undertaking hope to raise the standard of nursing by educating a class of skilled and responsible women who have received the advantages of discipline and experience.

One of the oddest sensations is said to be that of being lowered fifteen hundred feet into a mine. The great length of cable allows a spring of a foot or more upon the slightest movement in the basket, and W. J. Florence, who has just had the experience in Nevada, says it feels like being a bull at the end of a rubber spring.

A tract of land amounting to forty thousand acres, lying in Maryland and West Virginia, is about to be for the first time divided. It is owned by the heirs of a guarantee under the English government, who have heretofore amicably distributed the revenue arising from it. An old map of the property bears such names as Fat Pig, Devil Take It, Legs, Last Shift, and Take All. Coal and iron mines of great value have just been discovered on the land.

Women are continually finding new and lucrative ways of earning their bread. The newest occupation undertaken by them is that of chiseler of grave stones. A woman in the West, whose husband died without leaving money sufficient to erect a tablet to his memory, possessed herself of a marble slab and succeeded so well in working

it that she has been given a permanent place in a marble yard, where she is now, comfortably supporting her fatherless children.

In many of the obituary notices of the late Gerrit Smith an error, which was widely spread at the time, reappears. It is the statement that when in Congress he cared more for his rest than for right and refused to remain in his seat to vote against the Missouri compromise bill. His friends call attention to the fact that although strongly averse to late hours of business or pleasure, and though usually in bed at nine o'clock, he did remain and his vote in the negative is recorded. Mr. Smith felt keenly the injustice of this charge.

The following pall bearers were selected from the neighbors and friends in attendance, by the family, before the funeral services of the late Gerrit Smith were commenced:
General John J. Knox, Knoxboro; Hon. Charles B. Sedgwick, Syracuse; Hon. Henry A. Foster, Hon. D. C. Littlejohn, Hon. Hamilton Littlefield, Oswego; General T. F. Petrie, Hon. Caleb Calkins, John Campbell, Jeremiah Bump, Peterboro; Dr. M. B. Jarvis, Canastota; Hon. Benjamin F. Chapman, Clockville; Noah Brister, Peterboro; William Kinney, and George Bland, of Geneva.

The three last mentioned were colored men, one a family servant and the others representative men.

Miscellaneous Notices.

We have received a circular from Mr. John Barrick, a deaf-mute engraver and designer on wood, accompanied with some specimens of his skill, which are very fair. One of these is the monogram of the Ohio Institution, of which Mr. Barrick is a graduate. This monogram we have noticed for several years on the cover of the annual report of the institution, and it certainly does credit to the designer. There are also a couple of specimen plates of the manual alphabet, which would grace any report or chart. Those having work of this kind to bestow, would do well to communicate with Mr. Barrick. Of fair dealing and reasonable charges they may be assured. Address, 132 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. James M. Witbeck, of Troy, N. Y., sends us a long essay on Phonography, setting forth the advantages of a mastery of the art. A personal would lead one to suppose that Mr. Witbeck is ready to instruct any one by mail, for eighteen dollars for a course of twenty-

four lessons. The essay is well written, and would be an appropriate introduction to a book on phonography; as a circular notice it would be attractive, but it would be entirely out of place in our columns, and we cannot, of course, give it room.

Mr. Witbeck closes his essay rather inconsistently, but the concluding paragraph is of enough interest to be extracted:

"There was a splendid party of deaf-mutes at Mr. Danchy's residence on Wednesday evening last. He very kindly showed his pretty magic lantern to the deaf-mutes, who enjoyed themselves very much. Mr. Hiram Brown showed his handy fire engine at Mr. Danchy's house. It is said to have cost \$200."

We hope every deaf-mute who is able will attend the levee to be held at Newark, N. J., on January 14th. The receipts go to the support of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, and such an announcement ought to be enough to arouse every deaf-mute, living anywhere in the vicinity, to attend himself and bring all his friends. We shall endeavor to have a special correspondent present at the levee, but if we fail, we hope some one will be good enough to send us an accurate account of the occurrence.

The Deaf-Mute World.

The Louisiana Institution is fortunate. During the twenty years of its existence, there has not been a case of death or serious sickness within its walls. So much for a small institution.

Mr. Thomas Hoggarth has been appointed to succeed Mr. H. C. English as teacher in the Louisiana Institution. In accepting an appointment from the Missouri Institution, Mr. English severed a connection he had held for seventeen years.

Mr. English's successor, Mr. Hoggarth, is one of these rare instances we find of a congenital mute, who, in the face of adverse circumstances, works his way up mentally and socially. The Louisiana Institution is the only mother he has ever known, and educated within her walls, he has risen to be an educator himself.

A former pupil and teacher of the Louisiana Institution, Mr. Thomas Kendall, had the misfortune about four years ago to lose his sight. Several oculists have endeavored to restore his sight, and their unsuccessful efforts have so preyed upon his mind that he imagines it was they who made him blind. Indeed, it is feared that he will lose his reason.

Mr. T. L. Brown, of this Institution, is agent for the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, for Michigan. This is the best paper for this class of individuals which has fallen under our notice, and we advise all desiring a first-class journal, and one that gives all deaf-mute news, together with other matters of importance, to call on him, or send their orders and subscribe \$1.50 per year in advance. — *Deaf-Mute Mirror*.

James W. Stone, of Richmond, Va., died at his home, during the vacation, of typhoid fever. He was a young man of nineteen, and was one of the most promising pupils of the Virginia Institution.

A couple of Mohawk Indians visited the Wisconsin Institution, and were able to converse with the inmates, whether by pantomime or writing we are not told.

Apocryphal of the peddling question, we are reminded of something that has occurred in the lives of two deaf-mutes, who do not live a hundred miles from the publication office of the JOURNAL.

They are old men now, but years ago, when quite young, one was working as a farm hand, or something like it for a gentleman in one of our now large cities. The other was a peddler, and was much attached to his transitory life, and often tried to persuade the other mute to leave his shovel and hoe and go around and peddle with him.

"And why?" the tempted asked one day.
"Because it is easy work, and makes one healthy and lively," was the reply.
His friend looked at his tempter and could not doubt the healthfulness of the occupation, for his cheeks were red and his whole manner sprightly; but he preferred to stick where he was and was not shift about.

Years passed and the two were separated for a time. The peddler went his rounds and peddled. The other, gathering what money he had, made a business venture and failed. But collecting what he could from the ruins, he began anew, and the years that rolled by saw him gaining in possessions. He has now a substantial farm and a comfortable home.

Meantime the peddler grew old, and if he was successful in his business, it was easy come, easy go; but he never made much headway. Soon he came to want, and his deaf-mute friend offered him a place on his farm, but the life of a peddler and that of a farmer are antagonistic, and he was of little use in his new position. He is now struggling to live; an occasional odd job helps him along, but he finds it hard to get his bread, and they talk of sending him to the poor-house.

A deaf-mute, who is certainly deserving of a paragraph in the papers, lives in London. He is an engraver, skillful at his occupation, and has been employed by the same jewelry firm twenty-five years. Here is an example for all who are prone to ceaselessly shift about. A rolling stone certainly gathers no moss.

A Raleigh (N. C.) correspondent contributed the following for the *American Newspaper Reporter*:

A cheap bronzing machine has just been made a success by W. D. Cooke, Esq., an old typo, and now Assistant

Principal of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution. The advantage of the Cooke patent over the Hoe is not only in the cleanliness of its work, but the celerity of its operation. There is not a particle of dust remaining on the work when it passes through the machine, and one hand can bronze as fast as three presses can turn out the work. The greatest advantage, however, over the Hoe, is that the Cooke can be sold for \$300, while the price of the Hoe is \$1,300.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY HENRY WINTER SYLVE.

INTRODUCTORY.

With the opening of the New Year we introduce the promised new Department to the readers of the JOURNAL.

Its object is, to present news from foreign countries, and extracts from publications in foreign languages, such as we judge likely to prove of interest and value to the deaf and dumb of this country, and to all interested in their welfare, or in the general cause of deaf-mute education.

We have long felt deeply that closer acquaintance with those sharing in our peculiar deprivation, and with our fellow-laborers striving for its alleviation, beyond the sea, would be both agreeable and profitable. The glimpses afforded us by personal observation could only be few and brief; those given in the pages of the *Annals* have been so interesting as to make us wish for more. When Mr. E. M. Gallaudet's proposal appeared, to make the *Annals* a monthly, we heartily seconded it, partly from the hope that room would then be found for a regular department of this kind. But when the Belleville Convention passed without action towards this end, we felt that we could, without any lack of courtesy towards our learned contemporary, attempt to supply the want, which the pressure of weightier matter upon its limited space compelled it to leave unsatisfied. Our thanks are due, and are heartily given, to the editor of the *Annals*, for kind assistance in making arrangements for this purpose.

Our chief reliance will, at least for the present, be upon the various periodicals published abroad, either for instructors, like the *Organ of the German Institutions*, and the *Italian periodical*, or for the deaf and dumb themselves, like the *London Magazine* and the *Blatter fur Taubstumme*. We are trying to secure contributors in different countries, but cannot yet make any promises of regular correspondence. Nor can we promise positively that the department will rest assured, however, that neither pains nor expense will be spared by ourselves or by the publishers of the JOURNAL, for the support and improvement of the department. And we shall be glad to receive from any one information suitable for it, whether regularly or occasionally.

We shall not hesitate to make such remarks as may be suggested to us by the writer we present, which we think they will do any good. For all such remarks, in particular, as well as for the general management of the department, we shall be alone responsible, the publishers of the JOURNAL having committed it to our sole charge. On the other hand we shall not be responsible for anything in the other departments of the paper, nor are we in any way concerned with its publication.

The Principle of Free Clothing.

GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE TO POOR PUPILS AT THE FRIEDBERG INSTITUTION.

An important measure has recently been adopted by the Council of the District in which the Institution at Friedberg, in Prussian Saxony, is situated. (We beg their Excellencies' pardon if, not being familiar with the Prussian official titles, we have failed to give them the honors to which they are entitled; it certainly is from no want of respect.) At the request of the authorities of the institution, it was decided that the government should assume the expense of providing for the material wants of poor children at the institution, as well as that of their tuition. The new arrangement was to take effect in 1875.

The institution was thereby relieved from a very precarious position, since it had proved impossible to enforce the existing law regarding the clothing of poor children. It was expected that in future the opposition, which was still frequently encountered from parents, to sending their children to school, on account of the expense of clothing, would be removed, since they would be relieved entirely of all charges.

The editor of the *Organ* speaks of this with hearty approval, as a sign of increasing recognition of the public duty of facilitating the improvement of such classes as the deaf and dumb, a duty which will be the better discharged the less it is left subject to individual caprices.

Such a measure may have been necessary in a community like that of Friedberg—which is situated in a mountainous country, near the great lead-mines, and where the people probably are poorer than the average of those from among whom the pupils of the American institutions come. But we should regret to see the principle, our learned colleague states, applied to sanction the practice which has crept into at least one American school, of using indiscriminately the power given by law of providing pupils with clothing at the public expense. There are indeed cases when they must be so clothed; we have seen children brought from the poor-house, with nothing in the world but what they have on their backs, and no friends to provide for them, even the names of their parents being unknown; and there are some not so destitute indeed, but who would suffer if left to be cared for by their families.

It is for such cases that the law is made, and applied to their relief it is just and beneficial. But when clothing is supplied to the pupils without exception; save where the parents are notoriously wealthy, it has a tendency to pauperize them.

The true method is that pursued in Indiana. When a child is found to be in need of clothing, his wants are supplied, and the bill is sent to the County Commissioners, who have to pay it. But this is not the end. The county officers have the power, and it is made their duty to find out if the child's parent or guardian can bear the expense, and if he can, he is compelled to pay the money back to the county, with a heavy penalty, (30 per cent, we believe) added for his neglect. This is evidently much better than the New York practice of having a county burdened with the charge of \$30 per annum for it may be eleven years in advance, by a mere order of the Superintendent of Public Instruction at Albany.

Our Institutions have suffered greatly from being regarded as mere charities. Their true position is, as part of the Free Public School system, which is the glory of the United States. It may in some places be convenient for the management of the institution to be committed to a private and self-elected board of directors; but their responsibility to the State, from whose treasury almost their entire income is derived, must be fully recognized, and the same principles, and, as far as possible, the same rules should be maintained, as in dealing with public schools in general.

As is well laid down in the very able report of the special committee of the Massachusetts Legislature of 1867, the State finds it less expensive to gather her deaf children into an institution than to provide each with a teacher in his own school district. The State might therefore reasonably be asked to pay traveling expenses. But to clothe the children at the public expense, except where absolutely necessary, is to encourage a feeling of dependence on the State, a feeling that the deaf have, in consequence of their affliction, a right to demand public aid, which robs them of all proper respect, all pride in the idea of earning their own living by honest labor, and will in the end make them a continual drain on the public treasury, and a disgrace to those who have, however thoughtlessly, fostered such false notions.

Not only the deaf and dumb themselves, but also their instructors, with whom so great responsibility for their moral culture lies, will do well to heed the manly and sensible opinions on "Trading in Misfortune," expressed by Mr. Gallaudet, of Washington, and in the able essay on "Independence of Character," read at the Belleville Convention by Mr. Carruthers, of Arkansas, one of the most promising of our younger Principals.

"The grace of God and the strength of my own right hand"—be this our reliance; no true man asks for more.

General Morgan L. Smith.

HIS DEATH DUE TO CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS—THE REMAINS TO BE TAKEN TO WASHINGTON.

The following sketch of the life of Gen. Morgan L. Smith, whose death was announced last week, we take from the N. Y. World of Dec. 31st, making corrections in such statements as have been pointed out to us as erroneous by his friends here:

Major-General Morgan L. Smith was found dead in bed at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey city, Tuesday. He was about fifty-three years of age, and had held a number of important positions both during and since the war. After the war he was put in command of a post on the Mississippi, and afterwards appointed Consul to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, where he remained for some time. On returning to the United States he was offered the Governorship of the Territory of Colorado, which he declined, and began practicing as counsel for the collection of claims. He was traveling in connection with this business when he died at Jersey City. His family, consisting of a wife and two little daughters, one three and the other six years old, is now residing at Willard's Hotel in that City. They were immediately notified of his death. Yesterday a number of General Smith's friends, who first heard of his death through the papers, visited the body at Hall's Morgue, to which it had been removed Tuesday afternoon. It will be removed to Washington on the 8:30 train this morning.

A post-mortem examination was made late last evening by County-Physician Stout, assisted by Drs. Bird and Mitchell. Death was found to have been caused by congestion of the lungs.

GENERAL SMITH'S WAR RECORD.

(*National Republican*, December 30.)
Last night at about 9 o'clock intelligence was received in Washington of the death of General Morgan L. Smith, at Taylor's Hotel, in Jersey City. He was found dead in his bed at 8 o'clock. The news spread like wildfire, and as it broke upon the ears of his friends it threw them into an absolute consternation, for up to last Saturday he was here among them, and apparently in perfect health. His friends were warmly attached to him, for he was a gentleman, brave, true, kind and generous. He went to New York, Saturday, on business, and by telegraph was in constant communication with his wife. An illustration of how unexpected the event was to her, Mrs. Smith was at Ford's Theatre last night, in company with two lady friends, when the awful news reached her. She was immediately conveyed to her hotel (Willard's), and was most kindly cared for by sympathizing friends, prominent among whom were Mrs. Justice Miller and Mrs. George Alfred Townsend. She was, however, quite beyond the reach of consolation. The agony of the poor lady

was dreadful beyond description, and her wailing and anguish could be heard by persons on the sidewalk. The blow was so sudden and terrific in its consequence that it was feared she would lose her reason. When the audience at the National were leaving the theatre the news was communicated swiftly from one to another, and they became, in many instances, quite paralyzed from the shock. General Smith was in comfortable circumstances, but not the immensely rich man he was supposed to be by many. From his nature it was his custom to live well and freely, and that is all. After the news reached the city, General McCook took the first train for New York to be with his dead friend, and investigate the cause of his death.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

General Smith was born in Mexico, N. Y., and went to New Albany, Ind., when about nineteen years of age; taught school about two years in that place, which was then the principal city of the State. Subsequently he occupied various positions on steamboats on the lower Ohio and Mississippi River. He served as a non-commissioned officer in the Mexican war. Later he held the position of drill-sergeant in the regular army, at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, and in 1861 organized the Eighth Missouri volunteer infantry, which was composed of the roughest men in the city of St. Louis. He carried the regiment into service as its colonel, and at Shiloh distinguished himself, for which he was promoted to brigadier-general. At Memphis he was made major-general, and placed in command of Sherman's old Second Division of the Fifteenth Corps. His brother, General Giles A. Smith, was then placed in command of the brigade left by Morgan. At Chickasaw Bayou, in the attempt made by Sherman on Vicksburg in the winter of 1862, General Morgan L. Smith received a severe wound in the groin, but, notwithstanding this, he remained with his command and went with it to Arkansas Post. His division succeeded in relieving Porter with five gunboats from the trap into which they had been caught in Steel's Bayou, the men being obliged to suffer the greatest hardships, for days marching in mud and water. He commanded his division in Grant's movements in the rear of Vicksburg and took part in the battle of Champion Hills, crossing the Big Black, where his men drove in the enemy's pickets. He participated in the assault of the 10th and 22d of May, 1864, on Vicksburg, and during the remainder of the siege. Pemberton's army having agreed to surrender Vicksburg on July 4, the night before his division left the trenches to join Sherman to move against Joe Johnston, who lay between the Big Black and Jackson. He participated in all the conflicts of that campaign, which ended in the assault and capture of the capital of the State of Mississippi. His division moved to Memphis, and accompanied Sherman's army across the country and joined Grant at Chattanooga, where he crossed the Tennessee in the night and captured the enemy's pickets. At the north of Mission Ridge his division held the ground on which the Army of the Tennessee formed the next day, which was made the left of Grant's army, and which fought and gained the battle of Mission Ridge. The division was then turned north to follow Sherman to Knoxville, and force Longstreet to raise his siege. It retraced its steps and wintered near Huntsville, Ala., from where it joined Sherman's army in the spring, and took part in all the battles, from Resaca to Lovejoy's station, west of Atlanta. He next took part in the pursuit of Bragg, who had gone forth to meet his fate at Nashville, under Thomas. His division turned again to the south at Kingston, and commenced the long "march to the sea" which ended in the capture of Savannah. He next proceeded north through the Carolinas, his division holding a prominent position in all the movements that brought Sherman and Johnston together. At the grand review of the army in Washington he was in command of his division, after which it was mustered out of the service at Louisville, Ky. In all the marches, sieges and battles of the war no division of volunteers in the army bore itself more gallantly than the old Second of the Fifteenth Corps, commanded by General Smith. During the past few years he has been a contractor with the Government for carrying the United States mails on routes West, Northwest, and South. He was well and favorably known in Washington, having just completed a magnificent residence on M street, near Thirteenth, whither he was about to move his family. General Smith will also be remembered as one of the judges of the races which took place at Brightwood Park, under the auspices of the Washington Driving Association, during the last summer and the season preceding.

The latest phase of swindling has broken out in Birmingham. A man with an umbrella goes into a drug or tobacco store and asks for a cigar. He hangs his umbrella by its hooked handle on the show case. The clerk hands him a box of cigars to select from. He takes one, and hands over a one, two or five dollar bill. While the clerk turns about to make change, the customer drops a number of cigars into his umbrella, takes the change and walks out carelessly, drawing the umbrella tips together and stepping off with the air of a corporal.

TO THE AFFLICTED.—No matter under what form of sickness you labor, there is one great truth you should keep in mind: All disease originates in an impure condition of the blood. Purify that, and the disease must depart; but you cannot purify the blood by the use of poisonous drugs, and exhaustive stimulants. The best Blood Purifier ever discovered is Dr. Walker's famous VINOL Bitters, compounded of simple herbs.

LEILA.
AN IMITATION.
TO G. M. N.
Sunny eyes and auburn hair,
Leila is both true and fair—
Roe cheeks and mow forehead,
Clustering ringlets, lips deep red.
Leila can no music hear;
Clashing sounds give her no fear;
Ever active, fond and bright,
Deaf, she hears you speak by sight.
Loving hands are here to aid—
Gentle, trusting, ne'er afraid:
"What remains yet uncompleted?
Leila is a little child."
KOUFONETI.
Christmas, 1874.

Hartford Notes.
(From our own Correspondent.)

Hardly a year elapses when we can say we have had no death in our midst. This day we have been called upon to mourn the departure of one of our instructors. Miss Julia Sweet was one of our teachers in articulation, and had been in the American Asylum only a short time. Her disease was typhoid fever, and after an illness of a few days she breathed her last on the 22nd inst., at the age of thirty-two years.

School was dismissed quite early for prayer, and after a few remarks by Mr. R. S. Storrs, the pupils followed in a long train down stairs into the ladies' hall to take the last look at her remains.

The casket was rosewood with white metal handles, and tastefully decorated with rare flowers, some of which were white roses and two calla lilies.

The remains are to be taken to Woodstock, Vt., for interment. Of the whole family but one sister is left, who is also a teacher here.

How difficult it is to train a wild boy or girl, one who has lived in the woods all his or her life. We had such a girl brought to this asylum, and it is a most difficult matter to teach her domestic occupations and almost an impossibility to teach her to write and read. Still we will not give up the effort.

One day she ran away and frightened the neighbors by her nervous gestures, but she was found and brought to her new quarters.

Ice has covered the ponds, and some parts of the river. On Saturday some boys were led out to try their skates. The ice was smooth as glass, and as the merry skaters glided over the crystal surface, one boy was so delighted that he went too far up the stream, and the ice being thinner he broke through. He went under the ice, but was fortunate enough to break it up. A pole was reached to him, and thus he escaped a watery grave.

Hartford, Dec 23, 1874.

The Death of Mrs. Gilbert Hicks.

On Thursday morning, December 24th, 1874, at 10:10 o'clock, Mrs. Amelia Willets Hicks, the amiable wife of Mr. Gilbert Hicks, of Old Westbury, Long Island, died of heart disease at the residence of her parents in Roslyn, N. Y. She had been suffering with that obstinate disorder for nearly two years, but she bore it patiently and cheerfully until she breathed her last.

"Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe that shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power."

Mrs. Hicks was a graduate of the New York Institution, where she spent seven years, and graduated with honors and the good wishes of her teachers and school-mates. She returned to her parents' home and remained there until she was wedded a year ago this month to Mr. Hicks, a well known gentleman. Her nuptial life had thus far been happy, and in the hands of a good and kind husband, seemed destined to be a continuance of joy, but relentless death crept in and shortened it. Just before she died, she bade her dear friends farewell with affectionate words, the last of which was "love to all." She continued conscious till the last moment and passed away in the faith and hope of Redemption. Her death is universally deplored by her well-loved friends.

On Sunday morning, December 27th, her funeral took place at the Friends' Meeting House in Old Westbury, and the ceremony was quiet and impressive. Her remains were then interred.

"The grave of all his saints he blest!
Where in the grave he lay;
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised
To everlasting day."

Then, joyfully, while life we have;
To Christ, our Life, we'll sing;
'Where is thy victory, O grave?'
'And where, O death, thy sting?'

The bereaved husband has the sympathy and condolence of all those who know him.

Grand Charity Levee.

A Grand Charity Levee will be held at Newark, N. J., on Thursday evening, January 14, 1875, at the Exposition Building, under the auspices of the Newark Deaf-Mute Literary Association.

Its object being to aid those who are trying to secure a permanent home for the aged and infirm deaf-mutes, we beg to offer an appeal to the generous-hearted public to aid us in this good work that we have undertaken.

Tickets can be obtained at the door on the evening of the Entertainment.
Music by Downing's Ninth Reg't Band.

JOHN A. DUNLAP,
Vice President,
Orange Junction, N. J.
Box 60.

Brooklyn and Vicinity News.

A surprise party is to be tendered to Mr. John A. Clarke, a deaf-mute gentleman, of 200 Claver street, Greenpoint, on Jan. 24, 1875. It is curious to say that it is to be a surprise party when Mr. Clarke knows all of it, and he is making arrangements for it.

Mr. Fred Streiner, a deaf-mute, residing in Brooklyn went to the Deaf-mute Institution, at Washington Heights, on Sunday in company with Mr. W. E. Schneck, an old chum of his. It was the purpose of Mr. Streiner to bring his sisters home, but the snow, which had fallen deeply prevented him from doing so, and the two remained in the school for one night. On Monday they arrived in Brooklyn in good spirits.

Your correspondent met Mr. Santa Claus the other day in his office, No. 50 Christmas Tree Place, and he (Santa Claus) said he was satisfied with the children of the deaf and dumb parents. What'll he do with 'em?

Mr. Frank Klingman, the "Mutual Dandy," but better known among the deaf-mutes as "Dandy Frank," thought he could reach the Deaf and Dumb Institution on Sunday last, but was sent home by Mr. Jack Frost when he got half way between home and the school. The only cause was, that Jack bit his toes and that the snow was too deep for a dandy to travel.

Mr. W. A. Bond, the Chairman of the invitation ball of the Sunny Side Social Club, which took place Dec. 31, tried to go to his Alma Mater on Sunday last to present some invitations to his friends, but when he got near 86th Street, N. Y., he had to return on account of the thickness of the snow.

Mr. W. E. Schneck, who has been a typo for the past three years, has joined the Typographical Union No. 6.

GUICCIARDINI.

Order of the Elect Surds.

Notice is hereby given that on and after Jan. 4th, 1875, the Grand Treasurer's address will be

MELTER AND REFINER'S DEP'T,
U. S. Mint,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dues and all correspondence about Loans should be sent to the Grand Treasurer; Fees to the Grand Secretary.

H. WINTER SYLE, G. T.

Notice of Dissolution.

NATIONAL CLERIC MEMORIAL UNION.

New York, 30th December, 1874.—Replies to the last report of the Executive Committee, have been received from all the Managers, except three, viz.: The Presidents of the Ohio, Oregon and St. Louis Associations. The resolutions presented in that report have been unanimously adopted. A resolution, offered by the President of the New York Association, tendering the thanks of the Board to the Executive Committee and the local Committee of Arrangements, has also been adopted, without a dissenting voice, a compliment which the Committees hereby acknowledge.

The Treasurer's account since the Dedication has been audited as follows:—

Balance reported October 1st, \$156.98
New Contributions, 1.70

Printing, Postage and Stationery, 8.42

Balance on hand, \$150.26

In obedience to the resolutions of the Board, this sum of \$150.26 has been paid, and the right in the photographic views of the Monument has been transferred to the Treasurer of the Church, Mission to Deaf-Mutes, for the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

The donation has been gratefully acknowledged.

The Treasurer's accounts thus being finally closed, he has been released from his bonds.

By direction and authority of the Board of Managers, the Executive Committee do now declare the National Cleric Memorial Union dissolved.

THOMAS BROWN,
President.

HENRY WINTER SYLE,
Secretary.

Remarkable Recovery.

SUDDEN CURE OF A MAN WHO HAD BEEN DEAF AND DUMB FOR NINE MONTHS.

From the St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer, Dec. 22.

About nine months ago a young man named George Hansen was seriously ill in this city with the typhoid fever, and when he recovered it was with the total loss of his hearing and his power of speech. This terrible calamity rendered him almost wild, and for a time the contemplation of the termination of his life was not an unrequited thing with him.

Through the exertions of friends, Mr. Hansen was employed to assist in copying the records of the Sixth Ward at Hastings. Last Saturday night Mr. Hansen complained to his room-mate, Mr. W. Hoyt, that he felt a very unpleasant pressing in his throat and a painful buzzing in his head. He had the whiskers shaved from his chin, and tried various applications, but they were of no avail—the pressure continued and the buzzing did not diminish in the least. Hoyt continued with him till about 11 o'clock at night. During this time, when Mr. Hansen obtained some temporary relief from his pain and suffering, he wrote on his slate that he felt his speech would that night be restored to him or he would die.

About 3 o'clock Sunday morning, after he had recovered from a terrible spasm occasioned by the pain, he asked Hoyt to take a tube that had been used

to inject a kind of powder into his throat, put it into his ear and speak in an ordinary tone. He did so, when Hansen replied in a natural voice, though without knowing that he had heard or spoken. He complained of the buzzing and cracking in his head, though the pain seemed to be decreasing.

A little while after this Mr. Hoyt left the room, and was absent several minutes, and during his absence Hansen had one of the severest attacks that he had been suffering, and during its continuance he discharged considerable offensive matter from his throat. From this discharge he received instant and complete relief from the pressure in his throat and the buzzing in his head, and when his companion, Mr. Hoyt, entered the room he was astonished by being greeted by Hansen exclaiming, "Well, Hoyt, how are you?"

The restoration was so complete, so sudden, and so unexpected, that both Hansen and his companion hardly knew what to make of it, and could hardly realize that it was a fact. They talked it over, experimented and tried in a variety of ways to prove it was a fact that Hansen could hear and talk. They finally concluded that the news was too good to keep, and so they took the morning train to the city to tell their friends here know of the good fortune that had befallen the sufferer. Immediately upon arriving here the two went to the residence of Mr. John B. Olivier, a friend of Mr. Hansen, and surprised him. Mr. Olivier had been to Hastings on Friday, and had there conversed with the sufferer by writing on a slate, and was, of course, astounded to hear his friend talking as glibly as though nothing had interfered with his ability to speak. From Mr. Olivier's residence the two went around town surprising their friends with the good news. Probably there never was so happy a man in St. Paul as was Mr. Hansen last Sunday. For nine months he has been without the power of hearing or speaking, and oppressed with the terrible expectation that he would never again be able to either hear or speak.

Revolt of Deaf-Mutes.

The mutes of the Delevan (Wis.) Deaf and Dumb Institution recently engaged in a mutiny against the authority of the teachers, which seems to have grown out of the corporal punishment system. One of the students is said to have resisted punishment, and, being assisted by others, managed to put the Principal from the room. The disruption became general, and was not in the least allayed by the expulsion of the chief offenders. After a few days of trouble, comparative quiet has been restored, and the instruction now progresses as usual. To persons not acquainted with the possibilities of the mute language, it will seem curious that a school of rebellious deaf and dumb pupils could be controlled by word of hands, but not so strange as the fact that in the Delevan disturbance one of the professors—a favorite with the school—did one day address the pupils so eloquently in the sign language on the ungratefulness of their conduct, that he left them in tears. The abolition of corporal punishment has succeeded so well in the public schools of the land, that it should recommend itself to a trial in the Deaf and Dumb School at Delevan.—Chicago Journal, Dec. 24.

DIED:
At Old Westbury, Long Island, Thursday, Dec. 24th, 1874, of heart disease, Amelia Willets, wife of Gilbert Hicks, aged 23 years, 2 months and 5 days.
She died peacefully, resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father.

No use of any longer taking the large repulsive, gripping, drastic and nauseous pills, composed of crude and bulky ingredients, and put up in cheap wood or paper boxes, when we can by a careful application of chemical science, extract all the cathartic and other medicinal properties from the most valuable roots and herbs, and concentrate them into a minute granule, scarcely larger than a mustard seed, that can be readily swallowed by those of the most sensitive stomachs and fastidious tastes. Each of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets represents, in a concentrated form, as much cathartic power as is embodied in any of the large pills found for sale in the drug stores. From their wonderful cathartic power, in proportion to their size, people who have not tried them are apt to suppose that they are harsh or drastic in effect, but such is not at all the case, the different active medicinal principles of which they are composed being so harmonized, one by the others, as to produce a most searching and thorough, yet gentle and kindly operative cathartic. The Pellets are sold by dealers in medicines.

AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC—has arrived, and is now ready for delivery, gratis, by our druggists, to all who call for it. Our readers may be surprised to know that this little pamphlet, which has become so much of a favorite in our section, has quite the largest circulation of any book in the world, except the Bible. It is printed in many languages, and scattered through many nations, as well as supplied to almost the entire population of our own vast domain. Every family should keep it, for it contains information which all are liable to require, when sickness overtakes them, and which may prove invaluable from being at hand in season. If you take our advice, you will call and get an AYER'S ALMANAC, and when got, keep it.

A gentleman of 84 called upon a lady of 103 in this county recently and asked her if she didn't wish to get married. The girl said she had no particular objections to that, but that she long ago made up her mind never to marry a man younger than herself. If there happens to be a fellow of 104 or upwards anywhere in the country, our girl of 103, who, by the way, lives up in Carthage, would carefully consider any proposition looking toward wedlock which he might choose to make.—Watertown Times.

News of the Week.

On Tuesday, the congressional investigating committees met in New Orleans and Vicksburg.

Prince Alfonso, son of ex-Queen Isabella, has been proclaimed King of Spain, and is recognized by the army, navy, and Ministry, including President Sarrano. The King has gone to Spain direct. His ministry has been announced. He has telegraphed to the Pope asking his blessing and promising to defend the rights of the Holy See.

The circular note of Prince Bismark, read in the secret session of the Von Arnim trial, stated that a new Pope, if not recognized by a majority of the European sovereigns, would cease to be a Pope, and would stand in the same position as a Bishop.

Since the famine began in Asia Minor 50,000 persons have migrated to the city of Adana, half of whom have since died. Distress from the famine is increasing, and many deaths occur daily.

Particulars of the loss of the Thomas Brooks show that the vessel struck a rock about fifteen miles from Guantanamo and sank. Thirty-five persons went down with the vessel.

King Kalakaua arrived at Boston Saturday.

Garibaldi declines the national grant for his relief, because of the condition of the Italian finances.

Increase of the public debt in December, \$3,659,967.88; decrease of debt since June 30, \$489,939.14.

Richard S. Borum, his wife, two children and three negroes, were murdered in Lee county, Miss., and their bodies consumed by fire together with the house in which they lived. There is no clue to the murderers.

A company of United States cavalry has started from the Red Cloud Agency to oust the miners from the Black Hills.

It is announced from Carlist headquarters that the Alfonso pronunciamientos leave the situation unchanged. King Alfonso has granted complete amnesty to all Carlists. The King of the Belgians has recognized King Alfonso. The king will issue a decree from Paris invoking the Cortes.

On Friday Samuel J. Tilden was inaugurated Governor of New York State, at Albany. A brilliant parade of troops took place in connection with the exercises.

A caucus of democratic members of the Assembly outside of New York city was held in Albany, Monday; a resolution condemning the action of the New York delegation in regard to organization of the house, and United States senator, was adopted.

The case of Tilton vs. Beecher was called in the Brooklyn City Court, Monday, before Judge McCue, who allowed the case to be considered on, but reserved the right to transfer it to another judge.

Edward P. Coles, a prominent member of the bar of this State, is dead.

The commercial relations of Mexico with the southern ports of the United States are rapidly improving. The Louisiana Legislature met Monday.

The N. Y. State Legislature was organized on Tuesday when the Assembly elected Jeremiah McGuire (Dem.) of Chemung, Speaker. The Governor's message was presented and read in the Senate. It would occupy about twelve columns of this paper.

Five members not returned by the board were by resolution declared members of the House, and took their seats. In an effort to elect a permanent speaker, the radicals attempted to withdraw for the purpose of breaking up a quorum, when a file of twenty U. S. soldiers with loaded muskets entered and Gen. Trobrandt, after reading two letters from Gov. Kellogg, proceeded to eject four members. The democrats, after entering a solemn protest, left the hall, when the radicals organized it by electing Hahn, (radical) speaker and the Governor's message was read.

Stabbing Affray in Palermo.

DENTON'S CORNERS, Jan. 4.—There was quite a serious affray connected with the New Year's party at Palermo Center. About 15 young men from the village of Fulton and vicinity came there for the purpose of making a disturbance; many of them were recognized as the same individuals who came last New Year's and made trouble. They still insisted on going up, and seized Mr. Church with the intention of taking him from the hall, when others came to his rescue, and a general struggle ensued for the mastery. Mr. Gilman, the proprietor, finally succeeded in driving them into the street, after which they threw clubs threw the windows. They wrenched the pump handle from the pump and through it into the hall window. The party came well armed with revolvers, clubs and knives, which were freely used. The landlord was stabbed just below the small of his back, quite seriously, besides receiving a hard blow on his arm from a club. Mr. Francis Rafferty was stabbed just below the shoulder blade. The knife is supposed to have penetrated his lungs. He bled a great deal, and Dr. Baldwin was immediately sent for. He came and succeeded in stopping the bleeding, and Rafferty appeared better. But he suddenly grew worse and died to-day.—Cor. Osw. Times.

—Carl Schurz makes the following hit in his new lecture: Two young gentlemen were looking at fashionable ladies promenading in front of a fashionable hotel. One of them asked the other why he did not get married. "You have money enough," said he, "to feed a wife," "Yes," replied the other, "but I have not money enough to clothe her."

—The earnings of the Syracuse Northern railroad for 1874 were \$181,121.98 against \$153,258.11 for 1873.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

DEAF & DUMB
FOR THE
A PAPER
WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.
EVERY DEPARTMENT BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS KIND WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

The Journal for 1875,
While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

WE WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.
BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS KIND WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.,

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.



Postage Free.

Subscribers for the JOURNAL have no Postage to pay.

We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail. This does not increase the price of the paper; it remains the same.

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We want agents in every available locality. All reliable men acting as our agents will be allowed to retain, as commission, twenty-five cents on every subscription they obtain. Those who wish to serve will please communicate with us at once.

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These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, or registered letter.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

AT A SURROGATE'S COURT, held in and for the County of Oswego, in the village of Mexico, on the 3d day of December, 1874.

Present, THOMAS W. SKINNER, Surrogate.
In the matter of the application of John N. McKenzie and Charles H. Smith, Executors of the last will and testament of Nathan Green, deceased, for authority to mortgage, lease or sell the real estate of the said deceased, for the payment of his debts.

On reading and filing the application of John N. McKenzie and Charles H. Smith, Executors of the last will and testament of Nathan Green, deceased, for authority to mortgage, lease or sell the real estate of the said deceased, for the payment of his debts, it is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said Nathan Green, deceased, appear before the Surrogate of the County of Oswego, at his Office, in the village of Mexico, on the 20th day of February, 1875, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and there to show cause why authority should not be given to the said Executors, to mortgage, lease or sell so much of the real estate of the said Nathan Green, deceased, as shall be necessary to pay his debts.

Dated this 3d day of December, 1874.
6-10 T. W. SKINNER, Surrogate.

AT A SURROGATE'S COURT, held in and for the County of Oswego, in the village of Mexico, on the 3d day of December, 1874.

Present, THOMAS W. SKINNER, Surrogate.
In the matter of the application of W. T. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Victor T. Henderson, deceased, for authority to mortgage, lease or sell the real estate of the said deceased, for the payment of his debts.

On reading and filing the application of Victor T. Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Victor T. Henderson, deceased, for authority to mortgage, lease or sell the real estate of the said deceased, for the payment of his debts, it is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said Victor T. Henderson, deceased, appear before the Surrogate of the County of Oswego, at his Office, in the village of Mexico, on the 20th day of February, 1875, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and there to show cause why authority should not be given to the said Victor T. Henderson, Administrator, to mortgage, lease or sell so much of the real estate of the said Victor T. Henderson, deceased, as shall be necessary to pay his debts.

Dated this 3d day of December, 1874.
6-10 T. W. SKINNER, Surrogate.

\$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their locality.—Costs NOTHING to try. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

FARMERS AND CITIZENS,

OF MEXICO and SURROUNDING COUNTRY, ATTENTION.

Custom Work

Done expeditiously, and in a manner warranted to give satisfaction, at the

Toronto

Mills.

Skilful and experienced Millers, only, are employed, and customers will always find them ready to attend to orders, at the

Toronto Mills.

You can have your work done the same day you bring it, at the

TORONTO MILLS.

RUN OF STONE, and afflic power to crowd them, at the

TORONTO MILLS.

Separate runs of stone for different kinds of grain, (we are enabled to give better satisfaction than any Mill can, which runs Wheat and Feed through the same hopper,) at the

TORONTO MILLS.

Corn Shelled free of charge, at the

Toronto Mills.

Highest market price paid for all kind of grain at the

Toronto Mills.

Flour, Feed, Shorts, Shipping, Screenings, and, in fact, anything pertaining to our business, in large or small quantities, at the

Toronto Mills.

All work warranted at the

TORONTO MILLS.

AMOS C. THOMAS, Proprietor.

Mexico, May, 6, 1874.

\$12,500 in Cash

Wanted in Thirty Days,

AT

McCARTHY'S

China Hall,

OSWEGO.

GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE

Of China, Crockery, Glass Ware, Silver Ware, &c.,

Commencing Dec. 1st, 1874,

And Continuing Until the Stock shall be Sufficiently Reduced to Consolidate two Stores in one.

The people of Mexico, and surrounding country are especially invited to come and look over this Immense Stock, which will be sold

AT FIRST COST.

JAMES MCCARTHY.
Jefferson Block, 203 West First Street and 198 Water St.
Oswego, November 24, 1874.

CLARK PICKENS,

General Blacksmith

PARISH, N. Y.

SHOP NEAR THE DEPOT.

Special attention given to

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